

The Calcutta University Magazine.

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THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL IN ENGLISH POETRY.

The title is rather misleading, as, of all the numerous arbitrary distinctions and divisions into stages that mark the course of English Literature from primitive times down to the present day, one of the most hackneyed and commonplace differentiation is sought to be made by the terms 'Romantic' and 'Classic.' The terms are often used loosely enough, and owing to their vagueness and the almost entire absence of a perfect conception of the real significance of the terms by the generality of people, who dabble in Literature, they are frequently made a convenient instrument for expressing the literary vagaries of individual readers or critics. One of the words, viz. 'Romantic,' is often made a rose which we hurl at the head of any particular poet for whom we might cherish some admiration, although it may not be justified by any substantial grounds, and the other, viz. 'Classic,' is often used as a quantity of mud or filth, which we throw over the head of any particular poet of whom we choose to express our disapprobation, with perhaps an equal absence of reasons that might justify us to do so. Whims and vagaries of this sort mankind will always have, but, the evil referred to above will be materially remedied if we try to go down to the root-import of the terms, about which there is so much confusion and quarrel in the literary world.

The term 'Romantic' is sometimes identified with 'imagination,' and the Romantic Revival in English Poetry is meant to indicate a revival of 'imagination.' But, this ground is obviously untenable, as even the sturdiest defenders of the cause of Romanticism will not deny 'imagination' to writers like Addison, Pope, etc., who are the chief representatives of the so-called Classical School. If it is not 'imagination,' what then does the Romantic Revival in English Poetry revive? In the usual

sense of the term 'Romantic' in the practical concerns of every-day life, an element of strangeness, of straying a little beyond the beaten track, is attached to its conception. But, it is in the breaking away from the fixed routine, this revolting against the mechanical course of life that the majority of people lead, perfectly like a piece of machinery, with no free will or individual choice, that 'living,' in the real sense of the word, truly consists. "The letter killeth, but, the spirit giveth life." In other words, it may be said that Romanticism means 'life,' and that the Romantic movement was a revival of 'life' in poetry. But, next comes the question, what constitute the essentials of life, taking it in its highest and noblest sense. Rationality, indeed, is the distinctive attribute of mankind that marks it off from the lower strata of animal life, but, certainly, rationality alone does not constitute the whole of man. In fact, this rationality must be kindled by imagination and emotion, before it can supply us with the pre-requisites of an ideal form of life. It is this rationality, enlivened by imagination and emotion that constitute the 'life' which the Romantic movement, as has been said before, revived in English Poetry.

Next, let us turn to the word 'Classic.' In ordinary use, by a 'classic author,' we mean an author who has, by a solid contribution to literature, earned for himself an established and unshakable position amongst the creative geniuses of the world. This conception leads us, by a most natural transition, to the qualities that go to form a 'classic author.' In fact, the word 'Classic' has come to be identified at last with these essential qualities themselves, and to signify 'perfection.' Perfection, in the proper sense of the word, is to be attained by a judicious exclusion of all unnecessary surplusage from the real subject-matter at hand, and a skilful exertion of all possible means to do complete justice to what is thus left behind. Thus, in this case, one's feelings and sentiments are not to be allowed to gush forth spontaneously, but the flow is to be carefully regulated. Thus arises the necessity, in the present case, of having a power of judgment and of choice, and in short, a fair amount of critical faculty that is to control and restrain the creative, as far as the occasion demands.

Thus, while in the former case, a free and unrestrained play is given to human feelings and passions, which are allowed to break through

all trammels and barriers, an external hindrance is placed in their way in the latter case.

This is the only rational way, in which a real distinction is possible to be made in the imports of the two terms. But, to step further than this, and to try to cut off the smooth course of English Literature into two distinctive periods or stages, by labelling each of them with one or other of the two epithets, is to go beyond what is justified by fact. Because, the creative and the critical faculties are simultaneously employed, in every perfect work of art, written by authors, belonging to all stages or periods, and it is only where these writers have failed, that they have given an unduly free play to any one of these. In all ideal productions, the two faculties really supplement each other. Thus, the last lines which Lord Byron wrote at Missolonghi are an excellent example in point, as they illustrate a happy restraint of the creative powers of perhaps the greatest of romantic poets, by a power of judgment and of choice as was perhaps called forth by the solemnity of the occasion.

The term 'Romantic,' as has been said before, is a vague, general label which served to designate, arbitrarily enough, a particular period of English Literature. There are some essential attributes that distinguish most of the authors of the so-called Romantic School. These qualities are :—

- i. *Wonderful adventure*—A keen desire to raise the curiosity and the imagination of the readers to their highest pitch, by means of extraordinary and sensational incidents, can be traced through most of the works of fiction of Sir Walter Scott. It is also predominant in Byron, but, in him, it leans a little towards Orientalism, the proverbial seat of romance.
- ii. *A Chivalrous sense for the female sex.*
- iii. *Idealism*—A straining for perfect justice, perfect benevolence and a perfect state of society.
- iv. *The sence of the supernatural*—This we find in a marked degree in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' and Mary Shelley's 'Frankenstein.'
- v. *An infinite longing for the unattainable*—that shadowy thing, that has eluded the grasp of many a poet, and after which,

so many poets have so breathlessly rushed. This infinite longing is shown in this period in two forms :—

(a) An intense and passionate regret with regard to the past.

This is clearly evidenced by Sir Walter Scott's insatiable desire to paint mediæval pictures, which presented before his mind a brighter world than what he actually found himself in.

(b) An intense and passionate longing for happiness in the future.

vi. *Note of revolt*—a marked result of the French Revolution—a desire to recast the world after the fashion of individual liking and taste of different poets. In Shelley, this spirit of revolt rises to the height of rebelling against the very nature of things in the world in which he was born. In Byron, it took the shape of a revolt against individual or definite things, *e.g.*, the English Aristocratic Society of his day. He hated its shackles, its Puritanism, and its politics. But, he enjoyed perfect peace of mind abroad.

vii. *A passionate note of hope*—another marked effect of the French Revolution. It finds its great exponent in Shelley, who was always inspired with an ardent optimism even in his gloomiest moments when his mind grew dissatisfied with everything around him. He had not that dark pessimism that characterized the mood of Byron.

These, in short, form the essential attributes of the poets of the so-called romantic period. But, in fact, they are by no means antagonistic to those that characterize the leaders of the so-called Classical School.

Both present really two sides of one and the same thing, and if human mind ever attains to a higher power of comprehension than what it now possesses, it will be able to look at the whole thing from a view point, where all these seeming distinctions will appear to merge into one another and the whole course of Literature of the world will present a smooth unruffled surface ; and just as it is possible to see a whole diamond only by going round it, and not by looking at any one of its particular facets alone, so, it is by such a comprehensive view of the

whole surface of the literature of the world, that this stupendous production of the human brain can be made to shine before us in all its effulgence and glory.

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THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

Wonderful is this age in which we are born! Land and water have yielded to the superior genius of man: the air only had remained free. But even there the conquering hand of man has stretched its arms of success. The air, which has, for ages, remained the symbol and ideal of freedom, has now been subjected to human control. What hidden possibilities there may be in the unexplored ærial regions are yet to be revealed: the "ærial immensity" is now a highway of man. The old stories about the "floral cars," floating in the air, in which ancient Hindu royalties like Rām used to voyage through the atmospheric ocean, are now within the range of credibility! We can no longer dismiss them as the phantom fabrications of a foolish imagination, but, we must accept them as factual existences, as are steam engines, electric tram cars and motor, buses! Ten years hence the God of the Winds will find, to utter dismay, that his dominions have been conquered by other hands—the atmosphere will then appear as a mirror reflecting the mundane automobile activity. None need be surprised at my prediction: so many lives are being sacrificed at the altar of the science of aeronautics, so much enthusiasm is being manifested towards its success, such huge sums of money are being spent towards successful aviation, that one may confidently predict that a decade will metamorphose the scenic grandeur of the vast emptiness of the ærial regions.

This conquest of the regions of the air will revolutionise all existing codes of International Law. It will give rise to complex questions of the ownership of aero-regions, of the right of passage through them, etc. It will do away with the barriers separating country from country. Already—a convincing proof of the development of flight—international authorities are discussing seriously the immediate laying down of "airways" which will direct the passage of aircraft over given tracts of land when in flight from city to city, or from one country to another. These airways—several have already been provisionally mapped out in England—will make it incumbent upon pilots to fly their crafts over sparsely populated tracts of country whenever possible, and will

also obviate their flying over towns. These are not meant to hamper airmanship, but danger to the people on earth must be obviated, and the risk of involuntary descents in crowded districts must be avoided. The rights of private property must be considered also ; it is clear that machines cannot be allowed to descend haphazard just where they like. Hence the need both for airways and air-stations. For rapid transit generally ; for fast mail traffic ; for express passenger services ; for naval and military reconnoitring work ; as instruments of destruction—although this phase may be far distant—these are some of the aero possibilities.

Against these possibilities must be set the dangers arising out of an extensive use of aeroplanes. If the secret is discovered, it is of course bound to become common property ; and there will then be great rejoicings among evil-doers. Thieves, kidnappers and burglars will only seek their opportunity—and as soon as convenient, these pirates of the aerial sea will swoop down their victims and carry out their diabolical plans without any fear of detection. A few scoundrels may disturb the peace of vast continents—they may ravage cities, destroy factories and mills, and ruin palaces. They may loosen the bonds of society and bring ruin on kingdoms and states.

But it may be hoped that the genius which has invented the aeroplane may also discover some means of bringing punitive doom upon any such aeroplane which, far from rendering good services to mankind, will endanger the life and property of man. We have already Krupp's new invention. But this sort of destructive inventions we don't want : we want that the juristic genius of international lawyers will lay down rules for guidance which will be implicitly obeyed by the ever-progressive peace-loving intellect of man.

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“In the Study”

GEORGE ELIOT'S

The Mill on the Floss.

The masterly strokes displayed in the *Mill on the Floss*, are characteristic of the writer. She has been just in dealing with a subject she is fully conversant with. Her theme is never too insignificant. There is the same broad Shakesperean grasp of the tragedy of human life, the same gradual evolution of plot through various and intricate volume of affairs and the same intense sympathy with the “kindly race of man”, that have, with unmistakable signs of superior genius, secured to her a high place among the galaxy of those philosophers who have thought intently and brooded over human affairs to give us a “criticism of life.” George Eliot was an artist in the full sense of the term, for it is not her business to transcribe facts only but she gives forth, in a beautiful way, her “imaginative sense of fact.” She does not turn up her nose with a disdainful smile at the low degraded life of middle class men, for there is, according to her, goodness in man whose ideas and modes of life are shaped by his circumstances and environments that surround him. Her subtle power of finding “a soul of goodness even in things apparently evil,” explains her “largeness of Christian charity and breadth of human sympathy.”

Maggie and Tom are the two play things of nature. Both are born and brought up in an atmosphere peculiarly congenial to the growth of their respective characters. Thomas Tulliver inherited the same study and head-strong nature of his stern father who was grovelling in his narrow and eccentric ideas of religion and life. And as is natural for such a man to see the world unfriendly, Mr. Tulliver “found the world too strong for him.” He was himself the architect of his fate which, when shaken to the core by his unwise measures, fell with a crash and shattered his fortune to such a deplorable depth of degradation that he could not survive it. The writer has kept the consistency of the character by enabling him to carry his will and sternness almost intact to the miserable conclusion of the chapter of his life. Tom Tulliver, not a whit less than his father in the sterner aspects of life, has been successful in relieving the family credit from the clutches of the cruel creditor whom law gave a preponderating power. There is manliness, forwardness and eagerness in Tom and this preserving and enduring nature is triumphant to see all his early boyish troubles crowned with success. Tom put his shoulders under the wheels and raised them from the mire of misfortunes giving respite and breathing-time to the whole family labouring under the heaviest blow of the cruel Fate. He found joy in daily work with the conscious belief of doing duty. But Maggie

fared otherwise. She had been oppressed by the intense glow of youthful fervour, of a natural appetite for love and beauty on the one hand, and urged to refrain from it by her conscious and notional theory of self-abnegation on the other. She was once on the point of renouncing her conviction, but the prick of her better nature came to her assistance. When she was on a small boat on the river's breast with her depraved and love-lorn companion, Stephen, to whom she appeared as a delightful vision gleaming with magical embodiment of virtue, nobleness and power, and cheering and decorating life's vistas with the sunshine of splendour and prosperity, she, a lone maid amid threatening circumstances and gloomy forecast of escape from his clutch, stuck to her faith and resisted the profane and repeated overtures of Stephen to the problematic felicities of conjugal life in the remote dreamland of futurity. This was one of the most critical moments in her life's short history. Maggie's life, unlike Tom's, is a melancholy chronicle from first to last. Her innocent maidenhood, passed in beautiful prospects, was often as joyless through Tom's supposed indifference and puerile inconstancy of brotherly love, as her budding youth, when she was moving to and fro like a shuttle-cock between two diametrically opposite ideas of renunciation and enjoyment. Both these conditions affected Maggie's sensitive soul to a very great extent.

We have not the opportunity to see Maggie's constancy to Philip Wakem to the last, for George Eliot has drawn a black drapery of tragedy over her later movements. The reason, I think, is perhaps this. George Eliot, seeing as she does through the frailties of human nature, has brought Maggie's life to an unexpected and sudden termination ; for if she were to live, there is no knowing how she would conduct herself in her choice of lovers. If she married Stephen she would be guilty of infidelity in love, however awkward the object of love might be. That would be detrimental to the purity of the life of the main character. Again, if she resisted the temptation, as she had done so long through the shifting changes of fortune, and lived a life for others, as she said, to the last, it would indeed be an act too much theoretically moral, almost impracticable in a youthful maiden life alive to all natural emotions and full of sensibilities, urging her to the glamour of earthly pleasures behind the veil of her present vague conditions.

Let me say, in fine, one of George Eliot's fine qualifications as a novelist. Perhaps no other writer does express a bare sheer fact and march of events in a more beautiful way. At every step, she leads us from point to point into the inner moral meaning of an affair, giving a general statement in the comprehensive but not tedious, way of a moral teacher. This, I may call her philosophy of life. Such passages seem to us digressions and purely embarrassing when we get interested in the plot and look eagerly for the next scene ; yet we cannot over-

look them, they are so beautiful in themselves. This quality, that is, the quality of finding out the philosophy of life, does not, in the least, deter her from being a novelist of power among the great masters of the 19th century literature.

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“IN LIGHTER VEIN.”

Confessions of a Graduate.

I have often thought over the strange change that comes over a man, when he is suddenly removed from one sphere of existence to another totally new to him—the new ideas flocking in his brain—new hopes—new aspirations—everything new, while the past gradually recedes from his mind into a sort of vague remembrance. The unheeded beggar of the street, suddenly lifted up in his status, looks with a strange feeling to his past miseries, and contemplates upon the newly acquired affluence. The pettifogger of the bar, suddenly overwhelmed with clients, finds himself in a strange predicament—thinks of the recognition of his hitherto-unheeded genius—aye, puts on a dignified appearance, and probably struts with a conscious dignity on the corridors of the court. The author, when his works attain any reputation, no longer thinks of his days of starvation, but drives his quill with mighty vigour to swell the literary mart. Everyone, as I have already said, gentle reader, becomes quite a new man, when he leaves his old sphere. The gap between what he *is* and what he *was*, though appearing imperceptible to impartial observers, is to him a wide gulf. The nature of his thoughts changes; the look, nay, his very gait comes to have the stamp of the changed existence. It is not the fault of the particular man, it is the fault of humanity.

Reader, if you are old enough, you might have an experience of this kind. Are you married? If so, think of the days of your celibacy—everything at sixes and sevens; no order of your furniture; no account of your expenses; cursing your servants for losing this thing and that; always a wandering tendency, now going to this place and now to that. But, suddenly a change comes upon you—you get a wife, and everything is set at right. The servants do no longer lose your things—the laundress no longer complains of her accounts—your furniture are no longer disorganised, and you no longer are the victim of itinerant propensities, locked up, as it were, now in your house.

Such, alas, such is the change that has lately come upon me. The difference between a graduate and an *under-graduate* is sufficient enough to justify a change of feelings and sentiments in me. Gentle reader, if *you* are a graduate,

think of the change that has been brought on you by the appendage of the first two letters of the English alphabet to your name (only in a reversed order). B A.—a title big enough to fill you with a sense of conscious superiority. You are a *new* man—a *gentleman at large*—with heavy responsibilities on your shoulders. No longer an *irresponsible under-graduate*, you do not require a licensed house for your lodging. You can go where you please, do whatever you like—a gentleman, as I have said, a GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

A few months ago, I was simply a mediocrity—unheeded by everyone, having no status in the University—an under-graduate. But, the curse is withdrawn—the letters B.A. have been stamped against my name—a title significant enough to the struggling *under-graduates*. Oh! what a *power* is locked up in these two letters—they can change the very mode of our existence. Much of our energy is spent in youth to learn A-B; but, when the letters stick to our name at last in an inverse order, we think our labours amply rewarded. A philosopher may not find anything in a diploma; he may consider it simply as an acquisition of a mere parchment; but, he is a cynic who does not see what lies beyond the surface. A parchment it is to be sure; but, a parchment that can work wonders. A mere word is but a vibration of the ether, but, it may lead to crusades for years together. A parchment is but carbon and other elements, but, it can change a universe of existence.

But, to return to my point, I am a graduate, as I have intimated to you by this time. How many candles burnt, how many sleepless nights spent dosing over the books, how many phials of tonic emptied, to release ourselves from the ban of *under graduateship*! Those were days of struggle, now gradually fading in our minds.

But, I haven't, as yet, realized my new position—so much oppressed with the new change. The dark suspicions of failure, the flickering hopes of success—all, all have vanished to give place to a sense of sudden change and uplift. I can hardly reconcile myself to this change—the sombre dignity of a graduate often fails me in the presence of the *juniors*. *They* cast their *malicious* looks upon us—aspirants of our noble status and probably look up to those happy days when they will come to our flock. Alas for these miserable creatures, struggling their level best to have a recognized status in the university! But, why? Are those two letters empty of any significance? Is the glory of the graduate a fancied one? I *emphatically* say—'No.' Reader, if you are an undergraduate, do not think for a moment that our glory, our change are *fancied* ones. Be one of our lot, and you will realize our position. You will probably begin to be favoured with the graces of Hymen—you will become a promissary note of high value to your father! Boxes of soaps will be used up in giving a gloss to your hue—you will come to feel that people

are staring at you with amazement—will think that everyone, asking your name, has come with a hymeneal project—will probably fancy that all the damsels of the world, the wingless fairies, are aspiring for your consortship. Think further, of the change that will be brought upon you : you will be entitled to higher legal studies, will probably haunt the tiled shed of legal lore.

Such, gentle reader, are the changes, that come upon a new-fledged graduate. Our university is hatching, year by year, quite a legion of graduates. Time there was, when they were a rarity, but, that time is no more. The brilliant coruscations of graduates now shine forth at every corner of the country. Alas, for their fate !—a few years hence no one will notice them—they will probably rot in the bar,—but let us stop lest we get the stink.

A Graduate.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

My own dear native village !—how shall I speak of thee ! My heart is full of thee—*thou* dost lend the savour to my life—*thy* love permeates my whole being. “তুমি মিশেছ মোর দেহের সনে, তুমি মিলেছ মোর প্রাণে মনে, তোমার ঐ শ্রামল বরণ কোমল মূর্তি মধুরে গাঁথা।” as the poet has sung. Whatever I do, howsoever I may may be engaged, all my actions, all my feelings and sentiments are tinged with the colour *thou* hast lent to my life, the tone *thou* hast given to my mental and moral being. Though not directly enjoying thy tender motherly care, though not nourished by thee directly from my infancy—yet am I bold enough to say that if I am proud of my ancestors, I am doubly proud of thee for the education—the education in Dame Nature’s open-air school—the best of education that a man may have—that *thou* didst impart to them, and that I shall ever be proud to enshrine in my heart as an invaluable heirloom. But, my sweet home ! my capabilities are too poor to give thee thy proper meed of praise—language fails to express the feelings of affection, love, reverence and gratitude which at once overflow my heart whenever I think of thee.

“ In visions of the midnight deep,
Thy memory through my bosom thrill,
 Till joy’s fond impulse bids me weep,—
 For, rapt in thought, I see thee still.”

My pen again is too feeble to give proper expression to the sentiments that are surging up in my mind at the present moment, when I, in spite of my

incapacity feel it my duty to speak of thee. (Gentle reader, bear with me, if I am loud in my praises. Remember your own native village, if you are not a cockney; and if, being a villager yourself, you cannot feel the truth of my assertion, I can only pity you!)

I have long been living in towns, and to crown all, in the metropolis for the sixteenth part of a century and my heart would naturally hanker after a village life (Don't you turn your nose, sceptic reader, the law of mind says that monotony requires change). The constant din and bustle of the town, the rattling tram and the clattering car, the great huddle and the busy hubbub, the hawker's cries, and the grocer's quarrel—all these, repeating from day to day, have lost their charm, and are now as flat as anything. Day dawns after night, and night returns after day, but, only to repeat the same story over again, the heart grows sick, the brain feeble for want of nourishment, and the mind is choked with monotony. The heart, in such a state, pants for a change. (Gentle reader, even if you have never stirred out of the metropolis, you will also bear me out, if you only remember—if you have ever kept up at night “when all that mighty heart is lying still,”—how you have felt, when all around is struck by the magic wand of sleep, and *you* look out on into the gentle prospect of the mild moonlight, showering its cool splendour on the calm city. If then, only a different *aspect* of the busy metropolis affords relief to the sickening heart, how delightfully refreshing, supremely enlivening, and cheerfully invigorating, a full change of scene from a crowded town to a thinly-peopled village will be!) The soft green expanse of the village verdure—what a delightful contrast to the rough stony streets of towns with hardly any speck of the pleasant green! Be there big houses, rich palaces, magnificent buildings in towns, the village need not rue the absence of these. Its mud-huts give as much, or even more, comfort to the simple village folk, and its pleasant hearths and clusters of villagers, young and old, male and female, gathered round them, engaged in happy chit-chats, make one forget the toils and troubles, the cares and anxieties of the work-a-day life. Moreover, the free air of the village, in contrast to the close stuffiness of towns, is very pleasing to the brain, and the green vegetation is soothing alike to the mind and to the eye.

If *any* village can afford so much pleasure, how much more would one's *native* village give him? In fact, whenever I have been in my village, how often have I sat in my little room and pondered over the past history of the village! And my hair have stood on their ends, when I have thought that, in this self-same village, and perhaps within these very four walls, have lived generations whose blood now flows in my veins. The thought makes me proud of thee, my native village; and in exuberance of feelings, tears have gushed out

of my eyes, and forgetting myself, the time and the place, I have frenziedly and impassionately kissed the dust of the spot. Amidst happy bands, and sweet innocent faces, how pleasant are the days I pass, "where *humble* happiness *endears* each scene!"

I don't remember much of my visits to my native village in my childhood. My early recollections on the point are but a confused and chaotic congeries of impressions. Yet, when I cast my mind's eye down the long vista of the past, events trivial enough perhaps in themselves, stand out in sharp relief, filling my whole frame with a *peculiar pleasure*. I remember, once, when coming fresh from the town, I demanded to see a carriage and a pair, a bullock cart was pointed out to me, and, instead of being disappointed in the least, I felt great pleasure in the novelty of the idea. On another occasion, I remember how deeply I was impressed with the sight of tall and slender trees, piercing the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, forming, as it were, a "forest above a forest."

Now, with age, I have begun to love and cling to my native village all the more, and with fonder affection still. But, alas! my co-villagers, most of them at least, feel an yearning for town life. Ungrateful to their kind mother that nurtured them, they now tend to run away to towns allured by the false glow of the tinsel of vain, despicable lucre. I admit that certain aspects of the village are not alluring and that there is ample room for improvement here;—but, why let the poor, ignorant peasants die in the village—forsaken and forlorn,—of hunger and starvation, disease and poverty; and not come and live there themselves, improve the sanitary and other conditions, and make it a pleasant abode, the nurse of 'a bold peasantry, the country's pride'? Oh, my dear native village, I stand aghast at the cruel and inhuman way in which your own dear sons, to whom you have never hesitated to extend your love and affection, leave you now in a sad plight, after reaping all the advantages you could bestow on them in your good days! I do not mean to say that we ought to shirk the education and the means of our material welfare too, for which the town certainly afford better facilities; but, at the same time, why forget the *mother* who gave birth to you for the *godmother* who christens you? I say, with all the emphasis I can command, and despite all the loud protestations of the apologists to the contrary, that we may pay homage to the distant villages we respectively hail from, without any the least obstruction to the business or education that calls us away to towns, only if we *wish* it. What is required is the *heart*, a *sympathetic*, *grateful* heart that vibrates in unison with the poor, illiterate fellow-villagers, in sympathy, love and affection.

It is a matter of general complaint that Indian villages are mostly unhealthy. I blandly admit that. It is a most regrettable thing too, I confess. But, why

allow such complaints to grow louder and louder, day by day, when "the remedy oft in ourselves does lie?" *We* are responsible for the health of our country; and if we undertake—those who have the means, the ability and the position to command influence—if *they* undertake to improve the sanitary condition of their respective villages (of course, if they, since having seen better days, yet condescend to own them), malaria and other infernal plagues that infest our country and are mostly of rural origin, will all be swept away from the face of the country, and we may boast of a people whose "best companions" will truly be "innocence and health." With marshes and swamps cleared, the wild jungles trimmed to taste, and means of communication improved, our villages will present "a peaceful scene," "graced" by "healthful sports.".....My entreaty to you, good readers, repair to your villages whenever you have the opportunity (complain not that you have none, you will find ample of it, if you really wish to), and lend your mite, one and all, to the improvement of your village, to render it lovely and graceful, to turn it into one you will be, in future, glad to boast of, instead of turning your nose at its very name.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE! I repeat again that I love thee with the tenderest affection. *Thy* earth, to me, is a bed of roses, *thy* air most fragrant and exhilarating, and *thy* water, to me, is as "an endless fountain of immortal drink, Pouring unto me from the heaven's brink." Whenever thou in thy tender arms hast received me, weary and worn out in life's battle, I have silently offered up a prayer to Heaven for thy well-being, and unconsciously lisped out "How blest is he who crowns in shades like these, A youth of labour with an age of ease". And so—

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given me share—
I still *have* hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

* * *

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still *have* hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and *die at home at last.*"

COLLEGE NOTES.

Scottish Churches College:—It is a matter of congratulation and pride to us that the results of the college at the last B.A. examination have been very satisfactory. Sj. Srikumar Bannerjee stands first in the First Class in English and wins the Eshan Scholarship topping the list of his fellow graduates of the year. In Economics too Sj. Satyendra Nath Dutt comes out first in the First Class; and Sj. Atindra Nath Mukerjee tops the list of history honours students.

We held a very successful performance of the Merchant of Venice on the 24th September. Though it began to rain with dusk the hall was filled to suffocation. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies and many distinguished guests graced the performance with their presence. Mr. Noresh Chunder Mitter kept the audience charmed in the character of Shylock, and Antonio, Bassanio and Lorenzo also contributed to the success of the evening. It was followed by a few selected scenes from Rana Pratap which were performed with considerable ability.

We had, as usual, entered the Elliot Shield Competition this year and though the winners of the last year were defeated in the first round when we had to measure our strength with the Medical College Civil F.C. (Phoni Bose).

Presidency College:—This year opens very sadly for us. Many of our friends are going away to England for education. Mr. Kshitish Chandra Sen, B.A. goes as the State Scholar for this year; and amongst the England-bound friends we count Mr. Bhupati Mohun Sen, M.Sc., Mr. Kiran Chunder Mukerjee, M.A., Mr. Satis Chunder Roy, B.A., Mr. Amarendra Chakraborty, B.A., Mr. Jotindra Mohun Lahiry, B.A. and others.

In the last B.A. Examination Sj. Ambujaksha Sarkar carried the palm in Philosophy standing first in the First Class; while in the B.Sc. Examination Sj. Kalidas Bagchi, Sj. Kumar Nath Bannerjee and Sj. Rasiklal Dutt topped the lists in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry respectively.

Our college bristles with Seminars this year. The Philosophers have begun a series of the most erudite papers. The first was on "Immortality" by Babu Nanda Lal Bhagat of the Fourth year class. He was followed by Sj. Kamini Mohun Choudhury's excellent essay on the "Problem of Evil," Sj. Atul Behari Mullick's on "Monism and Dualism" and Mr. Mohammad Ali's on the "Highest Good."

The History Seminar began its series of discussions with Sj. Romesh Chunder Majumder, B.A.'s erudite paper on Asoka. He was followed by Sj. Subodh Chandra Mukerjee, B.A.'s brilliant paper on "History, its study and uses." Then came Sj. Gauranga Bonnerjee, B.A. with his elaborate paper on "Megasthenes." Next comes Sj. Satya Churn Law's learned essay on the "Oldest Code in the World."

In the English Seminar our friend Sj. Kshitish Chunder Sen, B.A. (now gone to England) read the first paper, on the "Different Phases of Literary Criticism" and was followed by Sj. Anil Ghose, B.A.'s "Revival of Romanticism" and Sj. Sushil Kumar De, B.A.'s "Poetical Achievements of the Lake School."

We hope to do more excellent work when we meet after the vacation.

We are sorry to say, we are not getting any way more athletic this year. We entered the Cooch-Bihar Cup Competition but it was dashed away from our lips—in the Semi-final. We were in for the Elliot Shield and, to our credit, we carried away the prize, which we unfortunately missed last year. (S.).

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